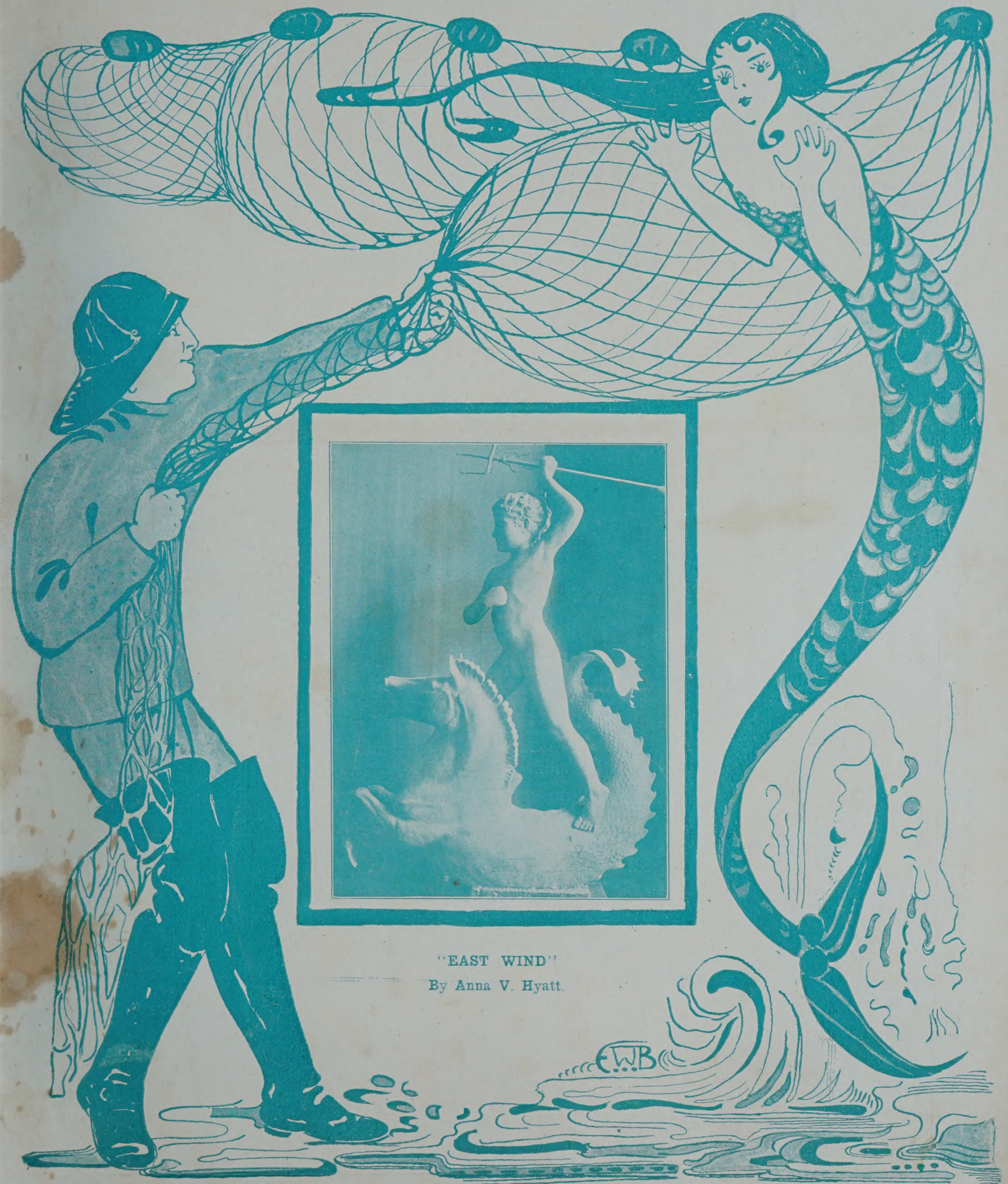


THE CAPE ANN SHORE



"EAST WIND"
By Anna V. Hyatt.

VOL. XXV

August 28, 1920

PUBLISHED BY

The Cape Ann Publishing Co.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

NO. 8

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My Lady of The Summertime



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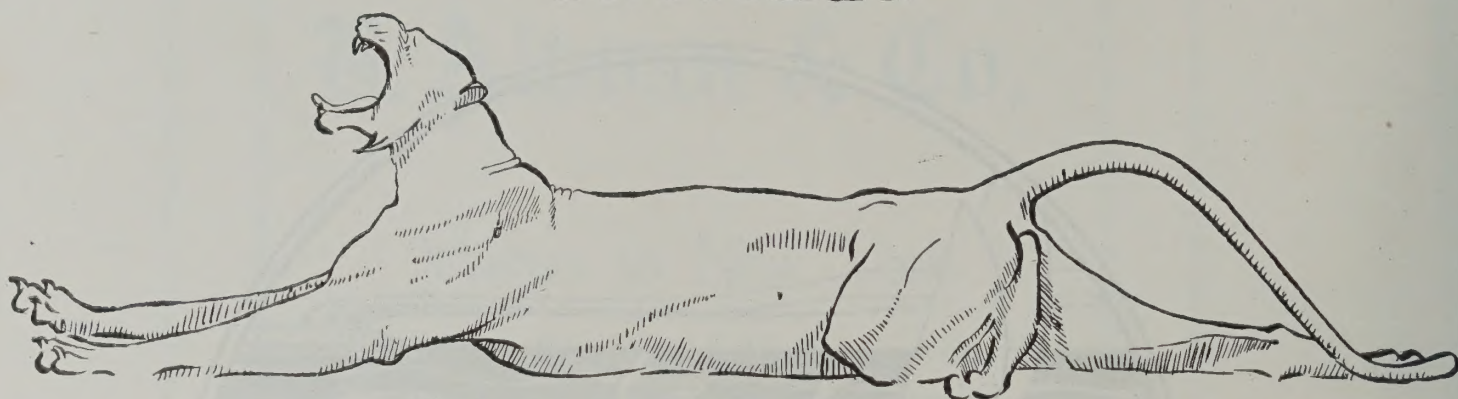
A Magazine of Community Value

In a Community of Discrimination

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NEW YORK

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THE CAPE ANN SHORE

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Massachusetts



Oldest Established
Summer Resort Weekly
On the North Shore
1896-1920

A SUMMER MAGAZINE OF COOL DISTINCTION

The Last Word on Who's Where, and When, and Why.
Bringing to the Dainty Ears of Fashion, Gay Gossip of Gay Doings.

THE CAPE ANN SHORE waves a happy farewell at the close of this its 25th Season—an anniversary which it celebrates by a new outer form and renewed inner determination to be of service to the community. We thank our friends for their words and letters of encouragement. We thank our Subscribers and our Advertisers for cooperating in our efforts to make of this Magazine an index of what is worth while on the North Shore—artistically as well as socially. And above all, we thank our Contributors who responded on all sides with Manuscripts, at our invitation, to regard *THE CAPE ANN SHORE* as a clearing house for Community ideas—and we only wish there had been opportunity to print them all.

We also thank *My Lady Goes Shopping*—with never-failing results. And we also thank those of our esteemed contemporaries who have paid us the flattery of attempted imitation.

Next year we hope to greet you all again—and we hope you will find us further improved.

THE EDITOR.

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COVER INSERT is “EAST WIND” the fountain by ANNA V. HYATT recently erected on Hoyt estate at Southampton Long Island.

THE COVER for this Season's CAPE ANN SHORE is drawn by FANNY WILCOX BROWN after a design by ANNA V. HYATT.

Inside illustrations are by AGNES LEE.

The CAPE ANN SHORE is thoroughly Copyrighted



To My Lady In Search of The Artistic



REVIEW OF PLAYS AT GALLERY- ON-THE-MOORS

By John Doe Jr.

The season's second group of plays at the Gallery-on-the-Moors, August 24-27, was received on its first night with great applause.

Child actors are usually like dancing bears, applauded for silly tricks learned by rote. But such was not the case with Brantz Mayor, who played in Elizabeth Apthorp McFadden's "Why the Chimes Rang." He acted his part with keen perception of its values and great sincerity. At times he had unusually good tonal quality. Charles Edwards, as the jolly Uncle played with a robustness that would have delighted Franz Hals. The musical part of the play moved steadily to a beautiful and moving climax with the ringing of the chimes. It was unfortunate that the window was not visible to the audience.

The Renaissance atmosphere in Kenneth Raisbeck's "Torches" was rendered in bursts of restless, almost hysterical chatter, broken sharply by tense silence. The piece was played in a very high, strained pitch that gave admirably the illusion of boiling passions just barely suppressed. The acting was of an unusually high standard, even for the Playhouse. Madeleine Laurent, as Gismonda, showed an intellectual grasp of character unusual even among professionals. Her affections, shattered suddenly by outbursts of animal temper made her part in the performance a most memorable one. Especially beautiful was her death by poison—a death that gave opportunities for much contorting that was not indulged in. Edward Massey acted sincerely and looked his part. Mr. Crosby played Alessandro, a role that might very easily have been exaggerated, and, of course, made a fine thing of it. The lighting in the early part of the play had an unhappy effect of blighting all illusion.

In St. John Hankin's "Constant Lover," Mrs. Parsons played successfully that most rarely successful of all parts of the theatre—the ingenue. It takes all the wisdom of the ages to act a young girl whose thoughts are not profound and whose words are not witty, steering skillfully between the twin rocks of the hoyden on the one hand and the sophisticated shepardess on the other. It is done once

(Continued to page 10)



ANNA V. HYATT

Whose "Joan of Arc" is to be placed in front of the New Gloucester Legion Building. The selection of this statue was recently ratified by the Legion Committee consisting of A. Piatt Andrew, Commander of the Post, James R. Pringle Historian, and William S. Webber—to which committee the matter had been turned over through the courtesy of Mayor Brown and the Gloucester Board of Aldermen.

WONASQUAM

(The Indian name of Annisquam)

Oh, land of pleasant waters,
In dreams again I stand
And gaze upon your rock bound shore,
Or silver shining sand,
Where snow white mists are veiling
Thy dunes and winding stream
Which rushes forth to greet the light
That sheds aboard its beam.
Thy beauties rare no tongue can tell
And such is Fates decree,
My heart must ever fondly turn
Fair Annisquam, to thee!

GERTRUDE F. TODD.

"ELIZA COMES TO STAY."

Eliza has come to stay Thursday and Friday at the Annisquam Village Hall, being invited and conducted thither by Mr. Allen French. Unfortunately—or perhaps, fortunately—she arrived too late for our dramatic critic to interview her for this the last issue of the Cape Ann Shore. So we print below the most satisfactory critique of the year, the most intelligent, the most kind and withal exacting; viz: the bare program. The beauty of it is that every reader supplies his own adjectives and so can credit the critic with great astuteness, since their views always tally exactly.

By H. V. Esmond

A Play in Three Acts to be given for the
benefit of the
MATERNITY WARD—ADDISON GILBERT
HOSPITAL
Thursday and Friday Evenings, August 26-27
At Eight O'clock
VILLAGE HALL, ANNISQUAM

Characters:

The Honourable Sandy Verrall
..... Mr. Wm. H. Graves
Alexander Stoop Verrall, Mr. Frank H. Howes
Montague Jordan Mr. Allen French
Herbert, a valet Mr. Robert Cushman
A Porter Mr. John S. Hooper
Lady Pennybroke Mrs. Hollis French
Miss Vera Laurence Mrs. Grant H. Code
Mrs. Allaway Mrs. Henry L. Houghton
Dorothy Miss Emily Williams

ACT I

Sandy Verrall's Apartment in London

ACT II

The Same. A week later.

ACT III

The Same. A month later.

PAGEANT OF THE HOLY GRAIL

The Pageant-Masque of "The Quest of the Holy Grail" will be given August 30, and 31st at the Hawthorne Inn Casino by the artists and others of the East Gloucester summer colony—inspired by the mural paintings of Sir Edwin Abbey, R. A. in the Boston Public Library.

The presentation promises to be one of the most artistic and colorful seen on the North Shore. Mr. Daniel O. Brewster is the director with Miss Retta Langhorne assistant director. Mrs. William Harcourt is chairman of the committee of arrangements with the following assistants: Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Gillette, Mrs. Ridgely, Mrs. Dugas, Miss Belger, Miss Kline, Miss Adeline Piper, Mrs. William Fosdick, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Little, Mrs. A. Worthington Ball, Mrs. George W. Woodbury, Miss Caroline Ticknor, Miss Lilian Giffen, Mr. George O. Stacy, Miss Martha Flint.

The cast of the principals is as follows: Mr. Kennard Wakefield, *Sir Galahad*; Mr. Mortimer, *Knight*; Mr. Dart Thorne, *Launcelot*; Mr. Thompson, *Bors*; Mr. E. H.

(Continued to page 11)

DETHRONED

By NATALIE HAYS HAMMOND

I lived on a little island, in the Southern Seas. It was surrounded by an endless Ocean, a changeable, mysterious, ocean,—and I only knew palm trees, and the sands of my island. My memory refused to work more than three years back, and I was quite content to rule my island home, without worrying about Time, and the other curses that had enslaved man, across the waters. The only song I knew, was the voices of the breakers, on the sand bar. They all sang at once, so that they sounded like a Church choir, and the words were blown away by the wind. Sometimes, however, they would stop, and tumble and roll, around the coral reefs, and then they would laugh and I was happy.

I imagined that at sunset they were a stately procession of white-robed priests, coming to bury a friend, they came so

slowly, and with such measured tread. And as they broke on the hard sea-sand and threw their spray high into the air, it was like the funeral dances of the people of the East, with their white scarves of mourning. But way beyond the breakers, the shadows deepened and the waters were still.—That was the part of the Ocean I never knew.

So long had I lived apart, that I forgot the sins that lay beyond the coral reefs. Once, I had longed to be King and hold my court in the palm groves. I called the sands, my castle's battlements, and the sea, outside the breakers, my garden. The sea-birds wheeled lazily above my kingdom and spied on me for other Kings.—The South Wind was a travelling merchant, bringing spices, perfumes, and strange incenses, to the ladies of the realm. And sometimes the North Wind came howling

down from the pale ice-lands, carrying a menace in its voice. Then the white robed priests sang anthems of hate, and preached an evil doctrine.

And once there came a ship, and visited my island. And there were animals on board, half ape, and half man, that sang, and spat tobacco root. And they were hideous to gaze upon. The filthy grime of their boat, stained the sky, and marred the purity of my sunsets. But when they came on shore, right to my island, I know that it was the fault of those spying sea-birds, that had told them of my peace.

They bound me hand and foot, and tied me in rags like their own. And I promised them the gold of those sunsets, and the blue of the star-lit sea, if they would only sail away, and leave my kingdom.

(Continued to page 9)

DRAMATIC CALENDAR

LILIAN OWEN'S MARIONETTES

Aug. 28 "Hynd Horn," Community House

"ELIZA COMES TO STAY"
30 Annisquam Village Hall

NORTH SHORE THEATRE

Aug. 28-29 Dorothy Dalton, "Guilty of Love"
James Oliver Curwood's,
"Courage of Marge O'Doone"

30-31 Mary Pickford, "The Heart of the Hills"
Robert Warwick, "The Man of the Hour"

Sept. 1-2 Pauline Frederick, "The Woman in Room 13"
Sessue Hayakawa, "Li-Ting-Lang"

3-4 "Out in the Storm"

Aug. 30-31-Sept. 1 "QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL,"
Pageant-Masque, Hawthorne Inn Casino.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE

Straight from the old French Romance—by the grace of Andrew Lang, Mr. J. P. Morgan, and of Miss King and Miss Coit, come the quaint wee figures of "Aucassin and Nicolette" to make their bow at the riding ring of Mrs. S. V. R. Crosby. The bow is for the benefit of the American Academy at Rome and for the intense delight of the American audience at Manchester.

If you would feel deliciously young, absurdly romantic, if you would gaze with the eyes of a child on the doings of the colorful Moyen Age, go to see "Aucassin and Nicolette." You will find there sheer delight in the 13th Century illuminations come to life in child form. Scenery intensely naive and lovable, action immediate and surprising, a story which has lived in the poetry of a thousand years—the

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THE
PLAYHOUSE OF DISTINCTION
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THE MOST SELECT FOLLOWING IN THE CITY

EXCELLENT VENTILATION.
ALWAYS 20 DEGREES COOLER THAN OUTSIDE.

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FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

DOUBLE FEATURE BILLS EACH WEEK.

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5 BIG TIME ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE AND FEATURE PHOTOPLAYS

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AND PROGRAMS WILL BE SENT YOU EVERY WEEK.

whole is bound together by a delicate thread of old French music which weaves itself through the scenes.

A comedian of skill and enterprise is Master Henry Owen Tudor, who will come on from Hancock, New Hampshire, to take part in the performance. This young artist of 8 has the gift of centering the gleeful attention of his audience on his chubby personality whenever he appears on the stage—even tho his part is in itself insignificant and entirely speechless. At the Cambridge performance of the play, Master Tudor who took the role of the Third Shepherd, introduced a touch of realism by petting the shepherd dog which was painted on the scenery and remarking "Down Bowser!" Though Mr. Andrew Lang in his charming translation from the old French has overlooked the possibilities of this scenic doggie, we are sure that he would welcome both the speech and the manner of its making.

Another wee star is dainty Barbara Mayor of "Seven Acres" Annisquam whose blithe grace any fairy might envy.

To Miss King and Miss Coit is due our acknowledgment for this renaissance—with its vivid notes of youth in production as well as in actors—of Aucassin and Nicolette. They adopted this miniature play from the translation by Andrew Lang of the old French Romance and they created the enchanting scenery—which is so graphic you expect it to speak—from missals and breviaries of the 13th and 14th century which Mr. J. P. Morgan kindly had sent on for the purpose, from his collection at the Fogg Museum.

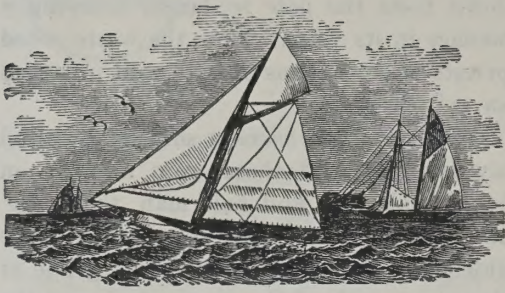
The music has been arranged, and is directed by Miss Mary Davison of Eastern Point.

The performance—under the able management of Mrs. Hopkinson of Manchester—will take place on Sept. 10th (afternoon) and 11th (afternoon and evening.)

Lilian Owen's Marionettes
Scoring a Sensational Hit
All Along The North Shore

FAR FROM CAPE ANN

By Grace Boynton Monks.



I.

SIX hundred miles east of where the great bell at the entrance to Gloucester Harbor tolls out on foggy days, the sails of a Gloucester fisherman flapped idly. A thick fog enveloped ship and sea and sky. The day's work was over. Six fishermen were gathered on the after deck, cursing the fog, which permeated everything, gathering on the men's beards in shiny drops, and making all things cold and clammy. A mingled smell of salt and fish scales was intensified by the wet blanket of fog which did not allow a single odor to escape into the upper air. All pulled away at their pipes except Bill, who sat thoughtful, his pipe having gone out.

"Hi, there, Bill," said one man, noticing his companion had taken no part in the conversation for a long time, "a penny for your thoughts."

"Thinkin' of some girl he used to sit with, out in Stage Fort Park," said a stalwart Newfoundlander, with all the taunt a confirmed old bachelor could put into the remark.

Bill knocked the ashes from his pipe, filled it, struck a match with his right hand, skillfully protecting the flame with his left till he blew a puff of smoke into the fog. He was a tall young fellow, well grown, with a keen, weatherbeaten face. He sat leaning against the cockpit, his long legs stretched out in front of him, one rubber-booted foot crossed over the other.

"If you must know," he said, casting a scornful glance at the old bachelor, "I was thinking of a place where I learned to swim when I was a boy. That beach comes as near being like heaven as any place I know. My pal and I used to ride over on our bikes along a winding, dusty road, till we came to the sand dunes. We thought they looked like the snow-capped mountains in the geography book. We used to undress in the dunes and chase one another down the beach into the sea. My, the water felt good after the hot ride. It was just the place to learn to swim, the water there was so shallow we could wade out what seemed like miles be-

fore we got over our depth, and it always was warmer than the water in Gloucester Harbor."

A distant fog horn was heard to the south. The men strained their ears to catch the sound.

"Guess that's the 'Natalie Hammond'," said the Captain, who held the tiller in the relaxed grasp of a hand accustomed to steer a boat.

A man in the bow blew a long tin fog horn. A damp odor of frying pork and coffee added itself to the smell of salt and fish scales.

"Guess you're talkin' about Coffin's Beach, aren't yer, Bill?" said an old fisherman, who carried a wart proudly on the side of his nose, as though he admired it himself, and expected everyone else to do the same.

"Yep," answered Bill. "They call it by a different name, now. Two men own the whole of it, and there's a kind of beach janitor and a big dog to keep fellows out. Seems a shame to cut off a whole stretch of God's country like that."

II.

A young American boy lay dying in a hospital in France. It was at the time the American soldiers were holding the Chemin des Dames against the Germans. The head nurse should have been by his bedside, but there were operations going forward on men for whom there was some hope, so a Red Cross worker just arrived at the front was detailed to put the white screen around his bed and attend to his wants. The head nurse hesitated to give the new girl such a difficult case, but the hospital was in desperate need of willing hearts and hands just then, and the head nurse had no alternative. The boy's eyes were closed, and not knowing exactly what to do, the Red Cross worker sat down on a white iron chair by his bed. She had an inexplicable feeling of expectancy in these strange surroundings. Her whole past life seemed an unreality. To steady herself she kept her eyes fixed on her wrist watch. She had sat quietly beside him for ten minutes when the boy stirred, opened his eyes, and stretched out his hand to her. She took it in her right hand, laying her left hand on top of his.

"Mother," he said tenderly, "that is how you always used to hold my hand before I went to sleep."

A strange, tingling faith thrilled the girl. Never before had she known what it was to be really alive, to be a medium

for God in the service of man. The boy began to speak.

"Do you remember, Mother, the place you used to take me to spend the summers when I was a little chap? I see it now, the long wharves where they dried fish to make into fish-balls later, and the cobblestone streets we rattled over to get to our house, and the funny ferry we took to go across the harbor. And Mother, how we used to sit on the rocks and watch the great schooners go in and out. When they came home, we imagined how jolly the sailors must feel, and when they went out at sunset, sails all set, just skimming through the water, I used to wonder where they were going."

The boy's voice grew very faint, and the girl had to bend over him to catch what he was saying.

"Seemed like a real adventure, and I used to long to be on board—. Now the Huns have got me, and they say I'm going to die. Don't grieve, Mother, it's like that! Quiet and relief after the dirt and the horror! And then the pain,—that's all gone now, only the schooner making for the great unknown adventure, and you, Mother, holding my hand as you used to before I went to sleep."

A French padre, old before his time, rode up to the hospital door on a dusty motorcycle. He was physically tired but a spirit shone through him which never tired even under the stress of war.

"Am I wanted here?" he said to the orderly.

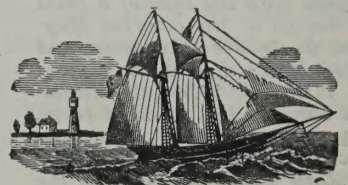
"Yes, Father," said the orderly, saluting.

He led the way up the stone staircase into the ward where an ominous white screen shut off one bed from the others. The padre found the girl sitting by the bed, the boy's hand clasped in both of hers.

"I did not get here in time," said the padre.

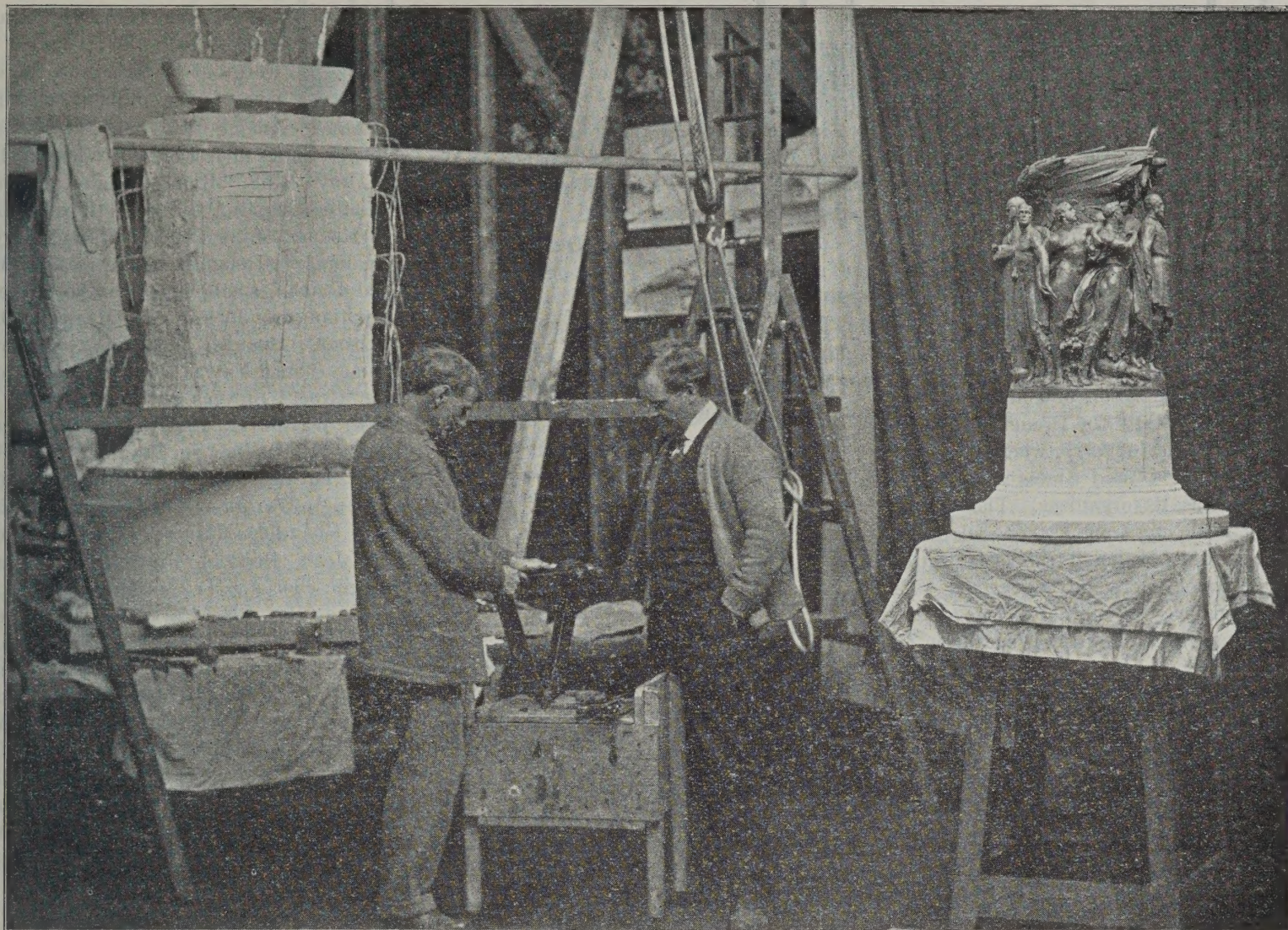
"No," answered the girl. The strange thrill of faith had not left her. She seemed suddenly to see the relative importance of little and great things.

"He was speaking of his Mother and a schooner putting out to sea at sunset."



IN THE STUDIO OF CHARLES GRAFLY

By Dorothy Grafly.



Showing the Sketch for the Famous Memorial on Which the Sculptor Has Been at Work for the Past Five Years.

A studio is always an index to the artist's character, and perhaps, even more than he realizes, to his tastes and hobbies as well as to his more immediate labor.

In Lanesville at Mason Square, far back from the thoroughfare, is situated the studio of the sculptor, Charles Grafly. As one approaches it down an avenue lined on one side with blueberry bushes, on the other with a wild tangle of blackberry, grape and goldenrod, one begins to feel the charm of a personality.

Then one is ushered into the holy of holies—the workshop of the sculptor. About it there is no air of artistic sophistication. Even the chairs are straight-backed and uncompromising. Those who labor within, or those who come to learn or to admire find themselves in a wholesome atmosphere of endeavor. The gushing tongue is reduced to silence, and to one whose mind is unaccustomed to the atmosphere words come haltingly.

Here is a great plaster core to carry the enlargement of a smaller sketch. Here too are ladders, and scaffolds, firm and adequate. At once one feels upon firm ground, and realizes that, after all, there can be solidity as well as beauty in an artist's studio. To the right and to the left are casts of portrait busts; of Dr. Joseph

Price, a Philadelphia surgeon, massive, yet acute in personality; of Thomas Anshutz the painter, a memory bust; of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the publisher, and of miscellaneous others. To the left, also, are fragments of the base for the Pioneer Mother Monument and at the right, a model of the monument itself.

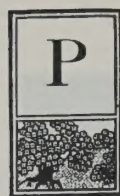
But these are facts and achievements, more or less public in nature. Yet, for those whose eyes are keen to ferret out the really tell-tale corners of the studio, a feast lies spread. Half hidden behind the great simplifying curtains, or behind the sail which spans the rear of the studio, there are plaques of fish cast from life, with painstaking delight in the artistry of sea environs. They are not dead specimens, mounted upon plaster, but virile and decorative as they round the curve of a barnacled rock, or angle for their food amid the sea-weed. "Fish out of water" could never be tolerated in a studio which has for its approach and its very foundation a love of nature and her wilds. As the sculptor caught and held the beauty of tangled verdure, so he has crystallized in plaster numerous aspects of sea life. He is fisherman as well as sculptor, and as a bond between the two, he is first and

foremost a lover of things that grow.

Once more one returns to the studio, and then, possibly for the first time, one realizes that it is three in one—the high gabled portion, the low and more dimly lighted reception room, and, apart and behind, the actual workshop in which the armatures are twisted into shape over the forge, bent in the vice, or hammered upon the anvil; here the carpenter's plane is seldom idle, and the inventor's genius can devise new means for reducing old labor. Fastened to the wall is a studio-made wax cutter, and on a beam overhead runs a crane to carry the canopy for the prospective enlargement. The pleasantly subdued reception room is also an invention but one not easily recognized as such. What the dark canopy is to the photographer so is the darkened room to the sculptor. He can get away from his work and look back upon it from the vantage of a dimmer light. When occasion demands as it does in the instance of heroic memorial work, he can descend the stairs, remove a section of the upper railing and see his work from the point at which others must view it when it is erected high upon its pedestal.

So he labors, sculptor-farmer-inventor-blacksmith-carpenter and lover of nature.

EASTERN POINT



PRELIMINARY work was begun this week for the building of a stone house near Brace's Cove for Col. John W. Prentiss. This will be one of the finest residences on the North Shore. Like the Notman, Leonard and Hall residences, it will be built of the native Cape Ann granite excavated from the foundations. It will occupy one of the most ideally located sites along the coast near Brace's Cove.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., issued this week a history of the "American Field Service" edited by Col. A. Piatt Andrew of Eastern Point. This is a history of a volunteer organization of ambulance drivers who served with the French army from 1915 to the last of 1917, when it was absorbed by the United States Army. Col. Andrew was its organizer. The work is largely made up from letters and diaries of those who composed the organization, most of whom were university men. The work is in three volumes of 550 pages each and its completion and the preparation has been no easy task.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Van Leet of Philadelphia and son, W. Leicester Van Leet are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Jones

Mrs. Frank Brown of Kansas City, is staying with her sons, Albert R. and F. E. Jones of Eastern Point. Mr. Brown is expected within a few days.

Mrs. Alvin V. Baird of Virginia, formerly Miss Rawson Kay, and two children, are also the guests of Mrs. J. Murray Kay.

Mrs. Walter Barwick of Toronto is the guest of the John Clays of "Finisterre". Mrs. Barwick will be recalled as a former cottage owner here, having built the residence now owned by the John H. Proctors. Mr. Barwick, a well known Canadian barrister, was killed in a railroad accident some years ago. The daughter, Miss Muriel Barwick, now Mrs. Holland, is the guest of Col. and Mrs. John W. Prentiss.

The Stone residence built for Miss Edith Notman is completed and is being occupied by its owner. It is situated near the site of the former Colonial Arms and with its red tiled roof makes a picturesque addition to the residences of this section. The general type of architecture is the old Norman with the out buildings adjoining.

The Arthur G. Leonard house also built of the native granite with red tiled roof is nearing completion. It is situated half way between Brace's Cove and the light-house, on the rocks close to the shore. It is of the low lying, rambling, French type a story and a half with out buildings.

Mr. and Mrs. Elie Nadelman and daughter, Aileen, who have been occupying the Sleeper house at Eastern Point this summer, sailed today for Europe on the steamer Acquitania. They expect to be gone

(Continued to page 10)

BASS ROCKS



HERE have been quite a number of informal social events at the Bass Rock Club this week-end of the season festivities prior to the departure for home.

Saturday during the golfing festivities Mrs. Walton Holmes had a party at tea and Mrs. Wm. B. Campbell also entertained a number of her friends.

Monday, Mrs. Fleitz of Detroit, who is occupying the Beals cottage, had two tables of bridge and tea.

Tuesday, Miss Burton of the Moorlands had three tables of bridge and tea.

Wednesday, Mrs. Reve Lewis of Washington and the Moorlands entertained a party of her friends at bridge and tea.

Mr. Gustave Groos of San Antonio, who is visiting the E. B. Chandlers at Bass Rocks, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Chandler and a party of 10 at The Edward, Pigeon Cove, Saturday night and afterwards motored to the Rockport Country Club for the dance.

Miss Waelder of New York City who has been to Saratoga in attendance at the races, returned this week and will spend the rest of the season with her sister, Mrs. E. B. Chandler at Eastern Point.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ingersoll of Hartford, Conn., were the week end guests of the E. B. Chandlers of Bass Rocks.

Mrs. E. B. Chandler and Mrs. Nathan Newbury of Toronto who is occupying the Ellis cottage this season motored over to Manchester, Friday, as the guests of Miss Lovering to meet Mrs. Coolidge, wife of Gov. Coolidge.

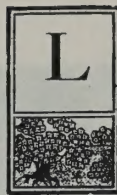
The view of the E. B. Chandler residence at Bass Rocks, which appeared on the cover of the last issue of the SHORE, was greatly admired. It is a favorite with the artists many of whom have transferred its beauty to canvas.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph L. Pope of Brookline and Bass Rocks are congratulating them on the arrival of a little daughter some four weeks ago.

ARRIVALS AT THE MOORLAND

H. B. Welsh, Jr., New York City; Mrs. J. Colbert, Miss Helen Colbert, Mrs. Ida S. Dannemilly, Washington; J. N. McCullough, New York City; Mrs. A. O. Carrier, Miss Elsie Carrier, Buffalo; B. A. Bogy, Memphis, Tenn.; Donald McClench, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. John Duer, Baltimore; W. H. MacKintosh, W. S. MacKintosh, J. N. McCullough, New York City. Mrs. A. M. Gatts, New York City; Miss Mildred Hancock, New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Calves, H. E. Calves, Phila., Pa.; George G. Applegate, Sewickley, Pa.; G. A. Bonter, Mrs. M. H. Thayer, Miss Belle Whittaker, Miss Lida G. Whittaker, New York City; Mrs. W. H. MacIntosh, Miss Leslie MacIntosh, New Rochelle,

ANNISQUAM



LAST Saturday night was an enjoyable one at the club house the occasion being the annual masked ball. The younger set were out in force and the costumes were pleasing and picturesque. Among these noted were Jack Hooper, ballet girl; Dorothy Wheelan, Little Boy Blue; Jimmy Guiler, Charlie Chaplin; Cameron Guiler, little girl; Linzee Hooper, sailor; Helen Folsom, Egyptian dancer; Douglass Guiler, sailor; Mildred Damon, small girl; Elizabeth Trask, Egyptian girl; Jack Rogers, Mexican; Dick Sherman, Spanish nobleman; Beatrice Bayne, Yama Yama; John Norton, Cowboy; Brooks Stevens and Lucius Hill, pirates; Watson Hastings, civil war officer; Louise Hill, mandarin costume; Ruth Sircom, Turkish costume; Marcia Clark, "vamp"; Georgianna Hawkins and Margaret Chandler, Chinese women; Blanche and Joan Borden, Pierrette; Gertrude Wiggin, chorus girl; Zoe Shippen, Turkish costume; Roy Clark, artist; C. L. Norton Jr, Rube; Rebecca Alvord, Carmen; Sally Folsom, Indian Maiden; Wesley Pear, Dutch girl; Francis Hartley, Dutch boy; Jack Waters, Colonial gentleman; Mr. Amee, British captain, vintage 1776; Malcolm Steer, Pierrot; Suzanne Smythe, small girl; W. H. Pear, Dutch hausfrau; Don Jelly, sailor; Don Simson, tramp; Julius Sebel, crusader; Mrs. Folsom and Mrs. Hooper were the matrons.

Mrs. S. Henry Hooper and Mrs. B. F. Folsom assisted by Miss Sally Folsom presided at the tea urn at last Saturday afternoon's reception at the club house. Mrs. Folsom and Mrs. Hooper also officiated as matrons at the dance in the evening.

Mrs. Oakes Ames has offered a cup for the winner of a series of three races in the Dog or Kindergarten class of boats. The last race will be sailed tomorrow.

In Everybody's Magazine of the current month is a fine picture of the statue of Joan D'Arc on Riverside Drive, New York, by moonlight. A replica of the statue will be erected by the American Legion of this city.

Miss Priscilla Smith entertained at luncheon Miss Josephine Cushman and Miss Alice Anthony, Wednesday. Miss Anthony was a classmate of Miss Smith's at Smith College. She is a descendant of the Gilman family, formerly occupants of the Sargent House on Middle St. Her grandfather preached at the Universalist Church, Thursday.

Lieut.-Com. Dallas Laizure of the U. S. S. Florida has been the week end guest of the R. Russell Smiths at their cottage at Bay View.

Miss Julia McCarthy, illustrator, attached to the staff of the New York Journal, is the guest of the R. Russell Smiths at Bay View.

(Continued to opposite page)

DETHRONED

(Continued from page 5).

Then they carried me to their boat, and pulled out to sea. I was thrown on the deck, and left with my bonds, and my rags, to suffer. And I longed for vengeance against those leering, spiteful seabirds, for the battle was ended, and they had won. And the sails filled with an unknown breeze, and we sailed Eastwards.-- But behind us I hear the North Wind, and I knew that the white-robed priests were singing the anthem of hate, and that they preached an evil doctrine.

And, now, through the barred window of my room, I see more animals, like those that stole me away. But these are not singing and their faces are sunless, like the cold gray walls that surround them. Sometimes they bring me dirt to eat. Not the fresh, clean dirt of my island, but the rotten dirt of cities.--And I hate them.--For they know not the purple sunsets of my island, or the chant of the breakers on the coral reefs.

ANNISQUAM

(Continued from opposite page)

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Campbell and daughters, Misses Celia and Laura of Chicago, and Mrs. Benj. F. LaRue of Jackson, Mich., motored to Gloucester from Chicago, and are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Tarr at Wolf Hill.

THE SOWER OF STARS

(For The Cape Ann Shore)

O would that I knew the sower of the stars.
He who planted them in the azure fields of night,
Who set them as portals of the day
And as stations in the course of time.

O would that I knew Him who flung away his
newly-minted wealth of starry worlds
For if I knew Him
I would give Him back
The star dust that I have gathered in this
heart of mine.

EUGENE PARSONS.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

The party at the Nadelmans' on Sunday evening was quite a farewell event; time seemed to pass very quickly; in fact it went off with so much vim and dash that with some of the guests it was a case of Hail and Farewell!

There was a merry throng of a hundred or two from all parts of the Shore, and there was also Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, who seemed to enjoy himself, especially when personally conducted over the charming intricacies of "Beauport" of which the Nadelmans are this season the lucky lessees.

Mr. and Mrs. Elie Nadelman with Miss Nadelman's daughter, Miss Aileen Flannery, will set sail for Europe next Saturday where they will stay a week or two in order to arrange for an exhibition of Mr. Nadelman's sculpture. They return in October to finish up the season, which at Eastern Point is growing more and more to be considered--the later the better.

THE BRAMBLES--COLE'S ISLAND

Mrs. Julia A. Spring of Brookline is occupying her bungalow this season.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Spring of Boston are at their summer home for the season. They spent last winter at Pinehurst, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker W. Whittemore of Boston came early to their summer residence, Cole's Island. The large 55 foot cruiser of Mr. Whittemore was brought down to the moorings in July.

The Huntley L. Spaulding family are at their summer home on the Herrick farm. Mr. Spaulding is building a country home in New Hampshire.

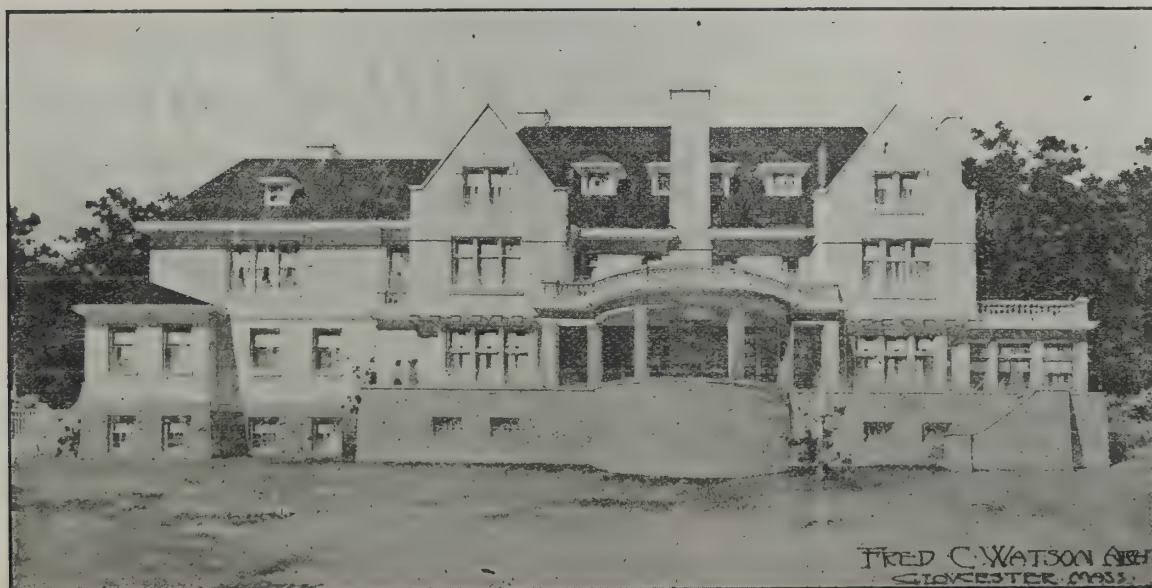
Mr. and Mrs. E. Haring Dickinson who have been spending the first of the season at their summer home "The Brambles" left last week for Fitzwilliam, N. H. where they will stay for the next two months, returning later in the Fall.

Mrs. George Richards of Aurora, Ill., is occupying her camp on the old Herrick farm this season.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Sylvester of Somerville, have taken occupancy of their new cottage and have with them Mrs. Albert W. Edwards for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester P. Jones and daughter of Arlington are established in their cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Merrill of Newton Center, are among the Cole's Island cottage contingent here for the season.



RESIDENCE OF FRANK T. HOWARD OF NEW ORLEANS AT BAR HARBOR

FRED. C. WATSON, ARCHITECT



REVIEW OF PLAYS

(Continued from page 4)

in a blue moon, but such a moon must have been in the full when Mrs. Parsons acted. Mr. Buswell, as Cecil Harburton, did charmingly an almost equally difficult role. He underwent a complete metamorphosis, in which make-up played but a small part. His whole bearing and gesture were admirably assumed.

Perhaps it is not fair to judge the effects of costume, lighting and scenery from the first night, for we heard that much was provisional, but certainly then they were not up to the high standard the Playhouse has set itself in its former productions.

The acting was better than ever. It was professional; the rest—but let us not get into hot water!

WHY THE CHIMES RANG

By Elizabeth Apthorp McFadden
CHARACTERS

Holger Brantz Mayor
Steen Frances Little
Bertel Charles Edwards
Old Woman Vianna Knowlton
Priest Hobart Nichols
A Rich Man W. J. Little
A Rich Woman Constance C. Petre
Courtier Allen Varney
Girl Hazel Sprague
Sage Barse Miller
King Alfred Kew
Scene—A Wood Chopper's Hut on the edge of a Forest.

TORCHES

By Kenneth Raisbeck

(Originally produced by the 47 Workshop, Harvard University).

CHARACTERS

Gismonda Madeleine Laurent
Alessandro Thomas Crosby
Pietro Edward Massey
Madonna Giulia Mrs. W. J. Little
Attendants .. Eleanor Parker, Elizabeth Gillie
Scene—An Upper Loggia in the Palace of Alessandro in Italy.

Time—During the last decade of the 15th Century.

(Directed by Mr. Crosby)

THE CONSTANT LOVER

By St. John Hankin

CHARACTERS

Evelyn Rivers Mrs. Edw. D. Parsons
Cecil Harburton Leslie Buswell

Scene—A glade in a wood

"As of old when the world's heart was lighter."

(Directed by Mrs. Florence Evans)

Director, Florence Cunningham

Scenery Hamilton Condon
Costumes Anne Baker
Properties Louise Leonard
Make-up Abbie S. Merchant
Lighting Munroe Pevear

EASTERN POINT

(Continued from page 8)

about a month and will return to Eastern Point in October to finish the season.

Mrs. Susan H. Bradley is having an exhibition of water color drawings in the Inner Harbor Inn. Several of her paintings are on exhibition at the Gallery-on-the-Moors.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murray Kay of Philadelphia are staying with Mr. Kay's mother, Mrs. J. Murray Kay, at Eastern Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Nadelman gave a farewell dinner on the terrace of their residence Sunday evening prior to their sailing abroad. Among the guests; Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Miss Cecilia Beaux, Mrs. Frederick G. Hall, Mrs. Jack Raymond, Mrs. James Reynolds, Miss Priscilla Pollard, Miss Elizabeth Hammond, Mlle. Crescini and Miss Mary Hoyle.

As the end of the season approaches informal entertaining is becoming more general. At the Eastern Point golf club quite a number of parties have been given.

Friday Miss Fox of the Hawthorne Inn had a card party of three tables in the card

room and later had tea for twenty on the lawn.

Mrs. Chambers of the Moorland gave a tea party for seven on the lawn Tuesday

Mrs. Scott of the Hawthorne Inn entertained seven Wednesday.

Mrs. Wood of the Beachcroft entertained ten of her friends at the Eastern Point Club Wednesday.

Friday Mrs. A. L. Merriam gave a tea party for fourteen on the lawn.

Saturday Mrs. Hawes from Merrill Hall entertained twelve of her friends at the club house.

Sunday Mrs. Reamer of Merrill Hall gave a tea party for eleven at the club house.

Mrs. Warden from the Colby Arms gave a tea for thirteen on the lawn.

Mrs. Perkins of the Colby Arms entertained six people on the lawn of the club house Sunday.

Mr. Eugene Pilot of Texas and Cambridge, the playwright, who wrote, "Two Crooks and a Lady," given last year at the Playhouse-on-the-Moors, and Mr. Eugene Parsons, the poet, were week end guests of Mrs. Natalie R. Woodward, at Windemore-on-the-Causeway.

(Continued to page 16)



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EASTERN POINT
GEORGE O. STACEY, Propr.The Moorlands → BASS ROCKS
E. D. PARSONS, Propr.

The Oceanside and Cottages



W. S. WARREN

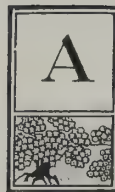
Managing Director

MAGNOLIA, MASSACHUSETTS

Open from June to October

Accommodates 750

ROCKPORT



ABOUT 150 couples gathered at the Rockport Country Club on Saturday evening for the first costume party of the season. There were many attractive costumes and the judges had difficulty in selecting the winners.

Prior to intermission, a grand march was held by those in costume and after the judges announced the winners. They were Mrs. Harry West, prettiest costume; Miss Barbara Whitehead, most original costume; John Bolinger, best looking costume; C. H. Birdsall, most original costume.

Special mention should be given to the costumes worn by Mrs. Bolinger, Mrs. Neil, Mrs. Irma and Mrs. Moore. Some of the costumes were Mrs. C. J. Warren, colonial dame; Barbara Whitehead, romper girl; Mrs. E. Y. Neil and Mrs. John Bolinger, black and white pierrettes; Mrs. Harry J. West, pierrette; Edward Neil, black and white clown; John Bolinger, pierrot; Eleanor Parker, romper girl; Harry J. West, pierrot; Mrs. Ruth Irma and Mrs. Madge Moore, Greenwich Village twins; William Rice, bathing girl; Llewellyn Martin, Scotch Highlander; Leo Morse, Tarletan girl; Mrs. W. E. Birdsall, society lady.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Francis Baldwin and family of New York and Lakewood, N. J. are at their cottage, "Seacroft" Land's End, for the remainder of the season.

Gen. William A. Pew and Mrs. Pew, of Salem, are now at their summer home, Land's End, in Rockport, after a long Western journey, which took them as far as Vancouver. Their daughter, Miss Mary H. Pew did not return with them, as she had planned a cruise along the Pacific Coast.

PAGEANT OF THE HOLY GRAIL

(Continued from page 4)

Butt, Monk; Mr. Donald Gordon Squier, Knight; Miss Margaret Reid, Angel of the Grail; Miss Margaret Paris, Blanche Fleur; Miss Josephine Clark, Angel of the Host; Mr. Jacob Denison, Knight of the Round Table; Miss Elizabeth Stewart, Page; Miss Frances Little, Trumpeter; Miss Phoebe Thompson, Nun.

Castle of Maidens: Mrs. Langdon Gillette, Leader; Mrs. Case, Miss Wilmerding, Miss Louise Stovall, Miss Olive Rogers, Mrs. R. F. Williams, Miss Ruth Maniere, Miss Juliette Chisholm, Miss Julia Henning, Miss Lilius McLane, Miss Virginia Smith, Miss Grace Dugas, Miss Vickery, Miss Stewartsen.

The presentation is in ten episodes as follows: 1, *The Vision*; 2, *Path of Knighthood*; 3, *The Round Table*; 4, *The Benediction*; 5, *The Castle of the Grail*; 6, *The Seven Deadly Sins*; 7, *Receiving the Key*; 8, *The Castle of the Maidens*; 9, *Farewell to Blanche Fleur*; 10, *The Golden Tree*.



MY LADY GOES SHOPPING

Peggy Packs

"I'll shed a tear at Good-bye to dear Old Cape Ann," sighed Peggy.

"Cape Ann will double the tear," I answered.

"Can I cut into this Bridge of Sighs party?" said Peggy's brother Jimmy, in the doorway. "Oo-la-la and encore la-la! Looks as if every shop in Magnolia is going to be personally represented in Detroit this winter by the 'glass of fashion and mold of form' known to fame as Miss Peggy Wright!"

"Not quite every shop," giggled Peggy. "Annette and I only buy from those which advertise in *The Cape Ann Shore*."

"At a boy!" said Jimmy. "Proper Community spirit! Back the wise advertiser who backs your local magazine, and ignore the brainless blighter who doesn't! As a steady contributor to *The Cape Ann Shore* I'm all for the home team. But how can you be sure you are playing the right ones? Do you make a list of your shopping favorites before you start on each little spree?"

"Don't need to," answered Peggy. "After reading their ads every week several weeks running, it becomes sheer second nature to know what's what."

"System seems to have brought results. It's a busy life for trunks and trunkage," observed Jimmy, gazing about at Peggy's room.

Here and there, all sizes of bags and baggage lay about, lazily yawning for clothes—all shapes, from a trick Vuitton "steamer" of the kind that sits up and begs when you press a spring, to the ex-

quisite lavender and ivory fitted hand bag from *Daniel Low's*. On the top of a Wardrobe trunk, perched Peggy, and towards this center of attraction, gravitated an armful of furry fall things capped by the demure coiffure of Peggy's maid Luzette.

"Voila le manteau Tabac de la maison *Manahan* que Mademoiselle demandait," said she laying her burden carefully on the bed and holding up a brown Tobacco Velour De Laine, Semi-Dolman, trimmed with Kolinsky.

"You needn't pack that," said Peggy. "I'll just take it along as an extra wrap. It's so comfy to slip on over one's travelling suit and the colour goes with everything. Oh! yes, and leave out that soft crushy velvet sport hat I got from *Jonas*. It squashes so beautifully. Can just tuck it into any corner."

"Well, bye-bye," said Jimmy. "I'm off to cajole the Brotherhood of Switchbacks and Sidetracks into letting me have a lower to New York on the midnight. While I'm about it shall I telephone the *Hotel Tournaine* in Boston for rooms for you and Dad and Aunt Lida?"

"Yes do," said Peggy. "Dad wrote to meet him there on Tuesday.—Some business with *Hornblower & Weeks*—something about his equipment bonds floating on his road—or something—anyhow the old dear is coming to Boston where he will meet us and I'm dying to see him and there is a lovely fur sale going on at *Lamson & Hubbard's* in Boston, though I'd be just as dying if there wasn't."

"And I suppose he'll stop off in New York and buy you something nifty at *Gorhams* as he always does," broke in Jimmy. "Girls rate too many presents. Now here am I a deserving son, yet seldom if ever does anything get handed my way. What I could use gracefully is something serviceable in the way of a bond. Something gilt edged from *Hornblower & Weeks*. Saw some advertised 'Income 6's.' Would suit me perfectly—my income is always at sixes and sevens. Ta-ta, see you later!"

"Now, Annette, be a dear," said Peggy, when Jimmy had made his exit, "and help me choose what to take to Lenox. You see I'm going to keep a steamer trunk right with me if I have to hire a pair of Bolsheviks to lug it about on account of strikes—and everything. Really all time tables ought to read 'Subject to strikes without notice!'"

"Bright notion, charmed to help you," I answered. "Let's see—if you were stranded at Lenox with one steamer trunk and two Bolsheviks what is the can't-do withoutest? Item one. Sport clothes. You've no end of smart things from *Farr's*. Shut your eyes and grab three sweaters.

(Continued to opposite page)

Harry Collins

Lexington Avenue

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Gowns

Wraps

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TO THE MORE ELABORATE

DINNER AND DANCE FROCK

FOR THE DEBUTANTE

The

Harry Collins

Label

SOUNDS THE ULTIMATE

WORD IN SMARTNESS

Palm Beach

Newport

New York

MY LADY GOES SHOPPING

(Continued from opposite page)

They're all so fetching you can't make a mistake. Then that warm wooly cheekered muffler from *Farr's*, just the thing for crisp autumn days—and the doggy sport suit from *Hill & Bush* and that darling lingerie you got and had initiated at *McCutcheon's* the day your Aunt Lida fell in love with the prize-winning Point De Venise lunch cloth."

"Agreed," said Peggy, "and than I must tuck in some of those adorable French blouses from *Tyson's* and Luzette mustn't forget the Spanish combs we bought at *Slattery's Little White Salon by the Sea* after Chubby Chelton danced the dance of the Blustering Beetle on our other ones, and that reminds me of those shampoos put up by *Frances Fox* at the *Oceanside*—next

best to one of their soothing treatments. And then how about some filmy, frilly, Frenchy things from *Tobis*? And, Oh, dear I simply must leave room for that dress from *Manahan's*. It fills about five entirely separate wants. Saw it in the window yesterday. Luzette, will you telephone for it now before someone else snaps it? You remember it, don't you? Peach bloom cloth.

"Mais oui, Mademoiselle. The sleeve-kimona, the collar he button high to the ear and the skirt she make swing around in a drape with line of the belt. The dress she have arrive from Paris, and she is color the deep of ocean."

"That's it," said Peggy, "dark Aqua Marine with silver fox trimming. Needs something like that for teas and things."

"Packed any dance frocks?" I asked.

"Wish I could pack a little *Del Monte Jazz*," sighed Peggy.

"Do take this one from *Harry Collins*," I begged, pointing to a radiant bit of sunset satin and spun gold webs of lace caught in tiny garlands of roses. You will look like the golden princess in *Coeur d'Or*. When the Fairy Prince sails off in his golden ship at sunset he sings her a song of—"

"*Gorton's Codfish!*" cried Peggy. "Knew there was something I wanted to remember and when you said 'ships' it came to me. I do want to see their plant before I go. Mollie says it's too intriguing. They take you over the whole thing even beginning with the fishing schooner—and by the time you've seen it all you could quite tell how it feels to be a cod. Think I must have been a cod in my last incarnation. I feel so at home in Gloucester."

"Me too," said I, plunking down on the bed, and pushing aside a gleaming Dutch silver tray from *Schmidt & Son* which had been hiding an indignant looking black

rag doll. "Are you going to have your pair of Bolsheviks carry this about too?" I asked waving the dark lady on high.

"Oh! there's Phosphorus Polly," said Peggy, clutching the doll in fierce embrace. Thought I'd lost her. I'm taking her to Bo-Bo. You can see this dollie in the dark and that's no end of comfort to a kiddie. Got this at *Daniel Low* when we went with Aunt Lida, and I did most of my Christmas shopping. Such a relief to have it off your chest as far ahead as August."

"Christmas shopping at *Daniel Low's* is most painless," I agreed. "It certainly is the home of Ten Thousand Gifts. Jack just loves that big fat Aladdin Thermos jar I got him for his birthday. Says it reminds him of Falstaff, so fat and jolly. And Jack's mother found that Pyrex glass pudding dish so successful she sent to Salem for the *Daniel Low Catalogue* and got a bread baking dish and a casserole. They're not only sanitary but such a labor saver in the way of dish washing and handling."

"Rather," said Peggy, "you take this cooking dish right off the stove, slip it into its pierced silver holder and rush it on to the table—just like that! And the glass cooking is not only much cleaner than any pan, but it cooks more evenly and you can watch it from all sides like a goldfish. You can even bake bread in Pyrex and it rises much higher than in the old pan. My idea of how to cook."

"Good Heavens, Peggy, isn't all this very domestic of you?"

"Perhaps," she murmured, blushing, "but after all isn't that the most important thing in the world—home making and home keeping?"

"Peggy," I cried, "engaged again! And who is it this time?"

(Continued to page 17)



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SUMMER BRANCH
MAGNOLIA, MASS.
IN THE COLONIAL

560 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK



TO MY LADY IN SEARCH OF THE DISTINCTIVE

A SHORT SMOOTH MOTOR TRIP TO THE SHOPS OF

MAGNOLIA



MAGNOLIA

The children's party held Tuesday afternoon at Hotel Oceanside was by far the most important event of the season, so the youngsters of the summer colony will tell you.

Musical games, a grand march and dancing formed the chief features of the afternoon.

Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served and the afternoon was more than enjoyed by the hundred or more children in attendance.

Among those present were Luther, Adeline and Betty Smith of St. Louis, Miss Amelia Overall and her brother John Overall of St. Louis, Barbara Richardson of Boston, Anne and Barbara Stevens of Boston, Phyllis and Alice Elsworth of South Bend, Ind., Eleanor Rowe of Brookline, Fred Schafly and his small brother of St. Louis, the young daughters of the Otis Weld Richardsons of Boston and Miss Lila May Stevens of Boston.

Hydro-planing is the latest sport at Magnolia. As soon as the hum of the motor is heard a large group of people collect on the beach in order to wish the passengers "Bon Voyage" for the trip includes a spin over to Gloucester by water and return trip over land.

Miss Mary-Chester Guild, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Guild, a guest at Hotel Oceanside went up the past week and enjoyed it immensely. Another passenger was Miss Phyllis Allyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Allyn of Cambridge who is most enthusiastic about her brief journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Smith of Germantown, Pa., are entertaining Mr. Smith's brother and family, the A. T. Smith's of Philadelphia for a few weeks.

Mr. Holden Pierce Williams is paying a short visit to his mother, Mrs. Robert B. Williams and sisters, the Misses Abbie, May and Suzanne Williams at their Magnolia Avenue residence.

Former Magnolia residents will regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Ella S. Young of Brookline, which occurred Saturday night at her summer home on Lake Sunapee, N. H.

In the early nineties Mrs. Young occupied her cottage on Fuller street, which was recently purchased by L. T. Foster and later built an attractive residence on Lexington avenue, which has been occupied by the C. W. Smith's of Germantown, Pa., for the past twenty summers. One sister, Mrs. Clara Staples, survives her. The funeral took place Monday afternoon at the home of her niece, Mrs. A. T. Dooley in Malden.

Miss Phyllis Allyn of Cambridge who is spending the latter part of the summer with her grandmother, Mrs. Henrietta MacDonald at her Shore Road bungalow, was the guest of Miss Mary-Chester Guild at Hotel Oceanside at dinner Thursday evening.

Miss Phyllis Hull of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., who has been spending a part of the summer at a girl's camp in Lanesville, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Hull at Hotel Oceanside.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sharman Zinsser paid the latter's parents, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Wadsworth a brief visit a

short time ago. The Zinsser's whose wedding occurred at Magnolia in early July, have completed their bridal tour through Canada and are now at their home in Hastings-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Heard, Jr., of Norman's Woe Road are expected back from Bar Harbor, where they have been the past week. Mrs. Heard has charge of the Ward Lectures at Hotel Oceanside Annex which are as popular as ever this season.

Subscribers to the Current Events class include Mrs. Costello C. Converse of Boston, Mrs. William H. Coolidge, Jr., Miss Margaret Corlies, Miss Elizabeth A. Williams, Miss Eleanor H. Jones, Mrs. Otis Weld Richardson, Miss Velma M. Morse, Miss Fanny M. Faulkner, Miss Lucy Eaton and Mrs. H. R. Heard.

Dr. Mary D. Dakin and the Misses Marjorie and Marion Dakin of Boston were guests of Mrs. William B. Hill of Balti-

(Continued to opposite page)

The Largest Retailing and Manufacturing Furriers in America

LAMSON & HUBBARD CO.

Corner of Boylston and Arlington Streets

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MAGNOLIA SHOP

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NEW FALL SHOWING

FURS MILLINERY WRAPS

20% SAVINGS ON FURS DURING AUGUST

Attend our August Fur Sale in Boston.

PARIS

MAGNOLIA

BROOKLYN

EASTERN POINT

ALL Eastern Point turned out, last Monday evening, to give Miss Julia Raymond a joyous Welcome Home Party. Miss Raymond rates a thorough welcome from every angle for she is not only a favorite at Eastern Point, where she has spent most of her summers, but she returns from two years' tireless relief work in Italy. This is the sort of work which comes *after* the glory and excitement—the cleaning-up work—and it takes sincere self-denial to put it through. Miss Raymond has had most unusual adventures, and her two years have been crowded with vivid incident.

Among the Portrait commissions completed by Donald Gordon Squier are those of Madam Luise Sarson, Lilius McLane and Mrs. Warder.

Mrs. Susan H. Bradley is having an exhibition of water color drawings in the Inner Harbor Inn. Several of her paintings was on exhibition at the Gallery-on-the-Moors.

It is good news to learn that yachting is to be revived at Eastern Point. Mr. Frederick G. Hall of Stone Acres has taken the initiative in the matter and has interested a number of the yachting families of the Point. The result is that a class will be built designed especially for the younger element, something after the design of the Annisquam cats, but sharper and racier. Archie Fenton the designer has drawn the lines, and some half dozen of the class will be built in his shop this winter in time for next season's racing.

Col. John W. Prentiss of Eastern Point is the director of a campaign which will be carried forward during the next twelve months for a better organization of the sons of Harvard University. Mr. Prentiss, who is of the class of 1818, was recently elected president of the associated Harvard clubs. Mr. Prentiss, born in Maine, reared in California, in business in New York and a citizen of Gloucester, is considered the most representative of Harvard's Legion of graduates.

MAGNOLIA

(Continued from page 15)

Mrs. Belloni is the daughter of the late Frederick Havemeyer of New York, the sugar king, and for a number of summers was a guest at Hotel Oceanside.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. M. Rehn have returned from a trip to the Thousand Islands and will spend the remainder of the season at Hotel Oceanside.

A very interesting tea was that given by P. Bryant Baker and his brother at their studio near Fuller street. Mr. Baker is a sculptor of note and before coming to Magnolia occupied a studio at East Gloucester.

Mr. Hiram Walker of Detroit has taken a cottage at Bass Rocks this season.

Prof. Chas. B. Hazen, professor of history in Columbia University, the leading authority on modern history in this country, and Mrs. Hazen are staying at the Oceanside. Prof. Hazen will sail this fall for France to lecture on American history in the University of Strasburg. Since the armistice this university has come under French control. The former German professors to the number of two hundred have been displaced.



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Miss Elaine Comerais and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of Detroit, of the Oceanside comprise a party seen on trappy mounts.

Miss Jessie Cudwell and Miss Portia Pratt come down from Marblehead for a cross country ride in this locality.

W. A. Bacon Jr. from Swampscott is another of the up shore contingent who prefer the Magnolia roads for riding.

Misses Vera and Hattie Ratschky of Swampscott are among those up the shore who come down for the riding in this section.

AT DEL MONTE'S

Among some of the costumes worn at Del Monte's Masked Ball on the 18th were Miss Dorothy Dill, as a Red Cross Nurse; Miss Polly Souther as a farmerette, Miss

(Continued on page 20)

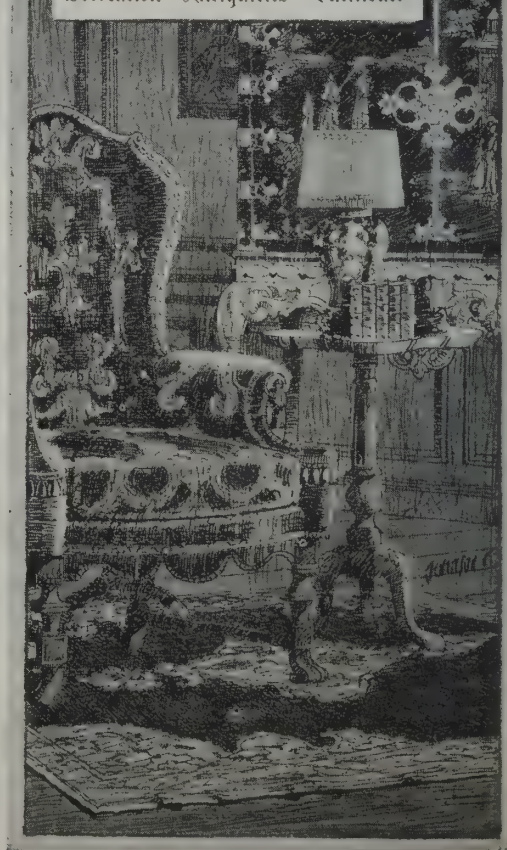
Distinctive Groupings—
at the Hampton Shops

THE charm of a Hampton living-room lies not only in beauty of color and carving nor even in the discriminating arrangement of fine pieces of cabinet-work with their harmonious backgrounds, but also in the subtle details of lighting and those unusual incidentals which make each interior as delightfully livable as it is correctly distinctive.

Hampton Shops

18 East 50th Street
facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York

Decorations · Antiquities · Furniture



MY LADY GOES SHOPPING

(Continued from page 13)

"And that's really why I'm going back so early this year. I want to stop in New York and see the *Hampton Shops* about the little house on Gramercy Park, Dad is going to have them remodel for me. You know they collaborate with the Architect—and you get the most enchanting results. Every single thing is planned—they even design the furniture for you or you can buy their reproductions or you can choose some rare old pieces from their antiques collected by connoisseurs, and——"

"But, Peggy," I interrupted, "I must know who the lucky man is this time—you sound so serious!"

"The *Hampton Decorators*," continued Peggy dreamily, "are artists at that last little touch which means just *you*. They did a house for Mollie Bliss and it's as lovable and livable as Mollie herself and——"

"Peggy," said Aunt Lida, coming in with package, "here are those golden silk stockings you ordered from *Altman's* thru their *Mail Shopping Bureau*."

"So soon?" said Peggy measuring one across her knuckles. "Seems as if we had just sent in the order. And they got my size and shade just right."

"They always do," said Aunt Lida. "This orchid tea-gown was a mail order, and I didn't have to do a thing to it."

"I believe," teased Peggy, affectionate-

ly patting the lacy lavender, "Aunt Lida wouldn't feel quite dressed if she weren't wearing something from *Altman's*."

"To me, *Altman's* is the House of Courtesy," said Aunt Lida, gently. "You don't realize it until you come to deal with other concerns."

"Right-O!" agreed Peggy, "from the President down to the tiniest errand boy—Most obliging firm! Last time I was there I wanted to telephone, and I asked an employee where I could get a dime changed. Instead of muttering '4-aisles-down-and-three-up-your-left-9th-floor-take-elevator-rear-building,'—as they usually do, he actually offered to go and get it for me, and apologized for not having it himself. Fancy that—in this era of Bolshevism and everything. And they have the most heavenly silks."

"Peggy darling why so distraite?—what's the big idea?" I asked Peggy, who had opened a Morocco case marked *Dreicer* and was gazing languorously at the most adorable blue enamel clock, a bit of polished sky. A card had fallen to the floor—man's size—and of course I was dying for a peek at it.

"My dear," said Aunt Lida, "why don't you show *Altman's* that sample of your mother's wedding dress for those extra yards you need. I'm sure they could match it if it exists anywhere, and they could even have it woven for you."

"Peggy!" I implored, shaking her by the shoulders! "Then it's actually gone

as far as a wedding? I've just got to know who he really is."

"Why you silly, can't you guess?" whispered Peggy. "It's always been just one!—just him! I mean he! And it was just the pifflingest misunderstanding that kept us from——"

"But which 'he'? That description would fit just dozens of your——"

"Hi! Peggy," sang out the happy deep voice of Phil, I've got the deed all nailed and sealed. Where are you?"

"Coming," cried Peggy, making a dash for her powder puff. Oh, Annette, *Hawksworth Hall* is the loveliest cottage on Wingaersheek beach and I just can't wait to move into it next Spring."

By ANNETTE SHORE.



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FALL APPAREL

NEW styles are arriving, revealing what Fashion Artists have planned for the Fall Season. Hats, Suits, Skirts, Dresses, Tricotine Dresses Especially. Evening Gowns and Accessories all of which enable one to finish the vacation and return to the city confidently in step with Fashion.

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TO MY LADY IN SEARCH OF THE PRACTICAL

RIGHT VALUES AND COMPLETE VARIETY ARE TO BE FOUND IN THE SHOPS OF

GLOUCESTER



ANNISQUAM Y. C.

Auk Still Continues Her Winning Streak. Special Cup Being Sailed For In The Dog Class.

Saturday afternoon's race was sailed in a fresh southeast breeze with a choppy sea.

In the Bird Class, the Auk got the lead and retained it throughout the race with the Tern the runner up.

In the Cat Class the Copycat and Kittiwake got away in the lead, the Kittiwake getting to Plum Cove a minute ahead and on the run across to Essex she gradually increased her lead.

On the beat home the Pussy-cat, Catling, Puss-in-Boots and Catspaw stood out into the Bay on the starboard the rest going over to port toward Winger-sheer beach. When the boats came together at the Lighthouse the Kittiwake retained the lead the Catspaw having slipped into second place with the Catnip third and the Copycat fourth, the boats taking the Beach route on the way home having gained thereby.

The Dog Class had an interesting scrap on the inshore course. The summary:

BIRD CLASS

Name and owner	El Time
Auk, R. Russell Smith	1:24:32
Tern, Jack Hooper	1:25:33

JANET'S GARDEN
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Coffee * Cake * Conserie

Broiler, Ray Clark	1:27:35
Mavis, Don Simson	1:30:52
Archaeopteryx, C. L. Norton, Jr.	1:31:25

Osprey, Sumner Andrew	1:32:51
Canvas Back, H. Harrison	1:33:10
Jay, Linzie Hooper	1:45:15
Coot, T. J. Guild, disabled.	
Merle, Robert Cushman, withdrawn.	

CAT CLASS

Kittiwake, Lucius Hill	1:33:42
Catspaw, Morrill Wiggin	1:36:55
Catnip, Don Jelly	1:37:35
Copycat, Wesley Pear	1:37:54
Pussycat, H. H. Griffin	1:38:15
Ketchup, Fred Hawkins	1:39:20
Catenary, Miss Dorothy Norton	1:39:21

Catling, Miss Blanche Borden	1:39:30
------------------------------	---------

Puss-in-Boots, Miss Pauline Ames	1:39:50
Sea Mew, Hollis French	1:40:03

DOG CLASS

Ginger, Oscar Rexford	00:33:30
Pup, Ames Borden	00:33:47
Bow Wow, Douglas Guiler	00:36:39
Chow, A. Ames	00:38:58

Two races were sailed Sunday, a special in the morning and a club race in the afternoon.

That of the morning was between the Coot, sailed by H. G. Guild, and the Auk, with Frederick Ayer at the tiller.

The wind was fresh from the south southeast and the course a run down the river, reaches to Plum Cove and to the outer mark and a beat home.

The Coot had the best of the start and showed the way down the river and on the first and second reaches. On the windward work the Auk pointed and footed better and won by 2m 47s. The summary:

SPECIAL RACE, BIRD BOATS

Name and owner	El Time
Auk, Fred Ayer	1:04:00
Coot, H. G. Guild	1:06:47

In the afternoon the same weather conditions prevailed, the course being down the river to Plum Cove across to Essex and a beat home. The Tern got the start, with the Mavis second, Osprey third and the field trailing. Before the lighthouse was reached the Auk was in the lead.

At the Plum Cove turn the order was: Auk, Mavis and Osprey. This continued unchanged, except that the leaders opened up more water. On the windward work home the Mavis dropped back, the Osprey and Archaeopteryx getting into second and third places, which they held until the finish.

In the Cat class the Kittiwake was first across. At Plum Cove the Copycat was in the

(Continued on opposite page)



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(Continued from opposite page)

lead, the Kittiwake and Meow following second and third. They held these positions to Essex.

Just before turning, rain and fog set in. The Copycat, Katchup and Catnip went to port toward the beach, while the rest of the fleet stood for Lanesville. While the first three got the wind, they were handicapped by the fog, the Katchup and Catnip standing out too far, the Copycat, however, just hitting it.

Coming up the river, the wind died down, but the incoming tide carried the boats across.

In the dog class the race was the first in a series of three for a cup offered by Mrs. Oakes Ames. The summary:

BIRD CLASS

	El time
Auk, R. Russell Smith	1:39:02
Osprey, Sumner Andrew	1:41:11
Archaeopteryx, John Norton	1:42:33
Mavis, Don Simson	1:43:50
Jay, Linzie Hooper	1:44:15
Broiler, Jack Clark	1:44:30
Merle, Robert Cushman	1:44:45
Tern, Jack Hooper	1:44:48
Coot, H. J. Guild	1:45:36
Curlew, Miss Blanche Borden	1:55:13

CAT CLASS

Copycat, Wesley Pear	1:40:45
Catenary, C. L. Norton, Jr.	1:42:04
Katchup, Fred Hawkins	1:43:16
Pussy Cat, H. G. Criffin	1:43:17
Catnip, Don Jelly	1:44:29
Kittiwake, Francis Hill	1:44:46
Catspaw, Morrill Wiggin	1:46:22
Meow, Miss Priscilla Smith	1:46:56
Catling, Brooks Stevens	1:53:46

DOG CLASS

Ginger, Oscar Rexford	0:34:50
Bow Wow, Francis Hartley	0:36:20
Pup, A. Ames	0:36:56
Chow, A. Borden	0:39:56

ARRIVALS AT THE OCEAN-SIDE

Misses S. Q. and S. M. Flynn, Boston; L. A. Browning, St. Louis; Mrs. M. B. Parkham, Denver; Mrs. C. S. Stralen, Miss M. Stralen, Master P. Stralen, New York City; Betty H. Huling, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. R. Pyne, Mr. C. J. Russell, Miss Payne Hassett, New York City; Miss J. F. Serman, Mrs. C. T. Knox, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Soper, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Caner, Phila.; Chappell Harris, Memphis; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Chapman; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Fergerson, Mrs. J. G. Wood, Jane Wood, Muriel Wood, Mrs. V. Han, New York; H. D. Canfield, Brookline; Theodore Cram, New York; Baroness Speck Von Sternburg, New York; W. Bradford Allen, Conn.; Mrs. Jos. B. Dickson, New York; Mrs. T. A. Cawthra, Miss G. Cawthra, Miss Elizabeth Cawthra, New York; Mrs. Fred. Warner, Berkeley, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. S. T. DeCay, New York; Chas. O. Billings, Chas. E. Billings, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. John Buck, San Francisco; Miss F. Whitham, Pittsburg; Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Willer, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lawrence, Boston; A. L. Macgill, Phila.; Mrs. P. Robinson, Miss Martha Robinson, Virginia; Miss Ethel L. Smith, Lawrence.



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ADMISSION \$1.00, \$1.50. BOXES (Seating Six) \$18.00

On sale at Hotels, and Bibber's Jewelry Store,
Gloucester, Mass.

AT DEL MONTE'S

(Continued from page 16)

Dorothy Brainerd as a pheasant in a charming costume of vivid colored feathers; Mr. Nolan Hussey as a charming little girl in dresses; Mr. Alec Laughlin as a pirate and last but not least, Miss McCarthy in a marvelous creation of Salome.

There were many new faces in the likeness of clowns, highwaymen, and the fantastic "Bogymen" of babyhood days.

On Thursday, August 19th, there was a dinner given to 35 members of the De Molay Guards Club of Boston.

Saturday was another record-breaker about 275 people being present and almost as many being turned away on account of lack of space.

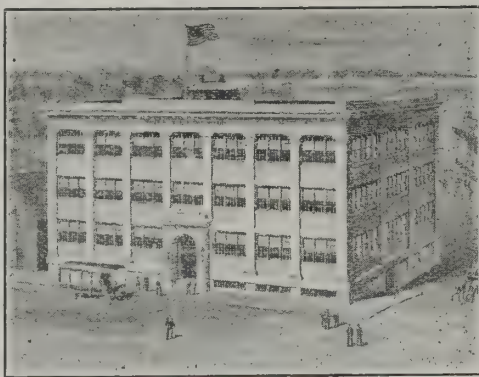
Among those present were: Mrs. M. S. Rosenvald, Chicago, a party of thirty, among them many prominent people of the North Shore. Mrs. Van Voorhees, Manchester, six at dinner; Mrs. A. W. Lawrence, Oceanside, eight at dinner; Mr. C. Cuddy, Hotel Thorwald, eight at dinner; Mr. M. M. Moloof, Magnolia, fifteen at dinner; Mrs. Johnson, Oceanside, six at dinner; Mr. J. H. Hull, Magnolia, six at dinner; Mr. Henry Chaney, Bass Rocks, five at dinner; Mr. Max Stern, Magnolia, fourteen at dinner; Mr. Boynton, Bass Rocks, fourteen at supper.

Among the younger set present were: Miss Elaine Palmer, Oceanside; M. W. Rhodes, Manchester; Mr. Alec Laughlin, Mr. Charles Carsen, Miss Dorothy Brainerd, Miss Polly Souther, Miss Dorothy Fishburn, Bass Rocks; Mr. Charles Wheeler, Oceanside; Mr. Nolan and Edward Hussey, Oceanside.

On Tuesday evening Mr. M. M. Moloof of Magnolia entertained at a dinner party of twelve.

Salt Mackerel, Codfish Fresh Lobster

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Summer Folks Along the North Shore:

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Editor Cape Ann Shore—

Just received your very attractive number of Cape Ann Shore of July 17th, if any previous numbers have been issued do not fail to send to me—as I do not want to miss any of your breezy news and please send regularly.

Very truly

MRS. J. W. McLELLAN.

AN INNOVATION

Among the artists who have been painting in Gloucester this summer is Miss Louise Jordan Smith, Prof. of Art at the Randolph-Macon Woman's College at Lynchburg, Virginia. The work that is being done at this college seems to us quite unique.

Besides offering the art courses usually found in colleges, Miss Smith has awakened a great deal of interest in a course in interior decorations. The students are taught to plan an original home and choose all of the colour schemes for each room and the design for each room is drawn to scale.

Each year Miss Smith arranges and directs an annual exhibition which is held in the college during the month of March.

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Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Goldthwaite, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. John E. Hartland, Worcester; Mr. H. C. Bodman, Chicago; Miss Louise J. Smith, Lynchburg, Va.; Ninevelo H. Edwards, Detroit; Mrs. E. R. Eidel and daughter Miss Jean Eidel, Phila.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Thatcher, Maplewood, N. J.; Louis D. Haywife and son, Indianapolis; Miss Edith M. Briggs, N. J.; Lieut-Comd'r. and Mrs. J. S. Nowell, Boston; Miss Edith L. Powles, Orange, N. J.; Miss Ruth S. Massey, Sewickley, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Abbott, Misses Helen and Marion Abbott, Worcester; Miss A. B. Diserens, Cincinnati; Miss Florence P. Oakes, Cambridge; H. W. Johnson, Savannah; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Doyle and daughters, Miss M. E. Griffin, Mrs. F. W. Smith, Mrs. A. W. Allison and daughter, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sims and daughter, Savannah; Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Ferguson, Washington; Mrs. W. H. Gilpatrick, Winchester; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Barnes, Philadelphia; Mrs. M. B. Lane, Savannah; Miss Alice L. Hall, New York; R. S. Ripley, San Antonio; B. O. Goeben, Hartford; Miss Lucy W. Mudge, Danvers; Mrs. I. Cornell Moran, New Haven; Mrs. M. Downey, New York City; Carl J. Blemer, Dr. Ed. F. Cary, New York.

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MERCHANT'S ISLAND

Cottage life here retains much of its early features. Boating, fishing, including clam digging, of which the river bed affords an abundance, berrying, etc., all go to make up a pleasant round of existence and preserve the old time flavor of camping life.

An event of interest occurred on the Island Saturday when a thirty-five foot boat built by R. Wesley Burnham of the New York public school teaching force was launched. For the past seven summers Mr. Burnham has been engaged in building the boat which is a good sample of the shipwright's work. R. W. Oliver of Charlestown made the congratulatory speech at the launching. Mrs. Oliver read Longfellow's "Building of the Ship." Mrs. Harry W. Johnson of Everett presented Mr. Burnham a purse of gold on behalf of the Islanders and the craft was slipped into the water easily amid the acclaim of the assemblage. Her name is "Islander."

Joseph Knox and family of Somerville are again occupying their cottage.

Returning for their 37th season to the island for the summer are R. W. Oliver and family of Charlestown.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Searles, Mr. and Mrs. W. Leon Searles of Chelsea, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Searles of Medford Hillside, are old cottagers returning for another season.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Fall of Medford Hillside accompanied by their nephew, Arthur Stewart, are returning to their cottage for another season.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hintze of Dorchester have returned to the Island for another season.

Frank Cooper and family of Malden are others of the cottage colony here for another season.

(Continued on page 22)

LUFKIN'S

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MERCHANT'S ISLAND

(Continued from page 21)

Joseph Cannell and family of Everett are again occupying their cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Cannell have been their guests.

Mrs. Marilla F. Ford of Brooklyn, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. R. Wesley Burnham and son Frederick, is occupying her cottage.

Shady Nook cottage is occupied for another season by Harry Johnson and family of Everett.

Camp Firefly continues to be the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. John Rounds of Malden. Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Nevins are their guests.

Mrs. Lydia E. Merchant and daughter, Miss Helen Bartlett Merchant, are occupying their cottage as usual. Miss Page Stine is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Merchant.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Merchant and daughters Barbara and Louise have spent a pleasant month at the island.



CITY OF GLOUCESTER

Notice to Automobileists

Attention is called to the following extracts from an ordinance, governing automobile traffic passed May 24, 1917.

Parking.

Section 7. "No vehicle shall be parked in Pleasant Street, between Main and Warren Sts.; on Center Street between Main and Middle Sts.; on Short Street between Main and Middle Sts. No vehicle unattended shall be parked in Main Street from Washington to Pearce Street for a period exceeding thirty (30) minutes. Every person operating a motor vehicle on any way in this city shall run it at a rate of speed at no time greater than is reasonable and proper....It shall be prima facie evidence of a rate of speed more than is reasonable and proper, if a motor vehicle is operated inside the thickly settled portion of the city at a rate of speed exceeding 15 miles an hour for one-eighth of a mile....or at a rate of speed exceeding eight miles an hour where the operator's view of the road is obstructed approaching an intersecting way or traversing a corner or intersecting ways or going around a corner, or a curve in a street or way."

DANIEL M. CASEY,
(Advt.) City Marshal.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McDougall of Medford are in their cottage this season. They have as guests the Misses Catherine and Margaret Boland of Cambridge.

Lincoln Sibley and family of Somerville are spending their first season on the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fryer and son Atherton of West Somerville, are numbered among this season's cottage roster.

The Misses Grace and Lilian Gohring and Edith Thompson of Somerville are enjoying cottage life here.

Miss Emily Neal has been the guest of Miss Emily Johnson.

Mrs. R. W. Oliver has as guests Miss Lottie Williams of Winthrop, Miss Bertha Hill and Parker Spaulding.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT HAWTHORNE INN

Mrs. H. H. Shearson, Mrs. Edith Weaver, Mrs. C. H. Tuke, Chicago; D. Watrons, Middletown, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Rene G. Hare, Williamsport, Penn.; Charles Playford, Baltimore; Mrs. George W. Hewitt, Miss Annie H. Pugh, Burlington N. J.; John G. Wolcott, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. George Forbes, Maryland; Mrs. S. W. Milligan, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mrs. Arthur E. Poultney, Baltimore; A. W. Chase, Chicago; Mrs. F. H. Morris, New York City; Mr. Stephen B. Luce, Philadelphia; Miss Caroline E. Hayes, Miss Minnie H. Frome, Trenton, N. J.; Miss Spencer, New Orleans; J. Randolph Brown, James F. Bacon, Boston; Mrs. Sidney P.

Allen, New York City; Mr. Harrison Becker, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Stevens, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. A. A. Lane, Jr., East Orange, N. J.; H. L. Roosevelt, Washington; Mr. Arthur Alexander, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Lewisvale, Pa.; P. B. Hills, Washington; Miss Mary E. Shaw, Pittsburg; Mr. and Mrs. N. Craighead, New York City; Mrs. Stevenson H. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rosenthal, Philadelphia; Mrs. Chas. G. Schirmer, Miss Schirmer, Chestnut Hill; Mr. and Mrs. Jerome P. Montgomery, New Orleans.

ARRIVALS AT THE EDWARD

Miss Sue C. Brooke, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Waitt, Sharon, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Quinn and family, Sea Gate, N. Y.; Walter H. Stearns, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Baldwin, Bethlehem, Pa.; Mrs. Hubert Pope, Dorothy Pope, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Mrs. A. A. Cambridge and Florence Cambridge, Needham; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Pinkham, Boston; Edwin J. Dillion, William J. Dillion, Miss Charlotte Meyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwin Bradstreet, Chicago; Dr. and Mrs. E. N. Brush, Baltimore; Mrs. Theo. H. Eaton, Miss Kate Sibley, Detroit; F. L. Crosby, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Addison Day, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Woodburn, Franklin, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Root, Kansas City; Mrs. G. E. Alden, Wellesley; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. M. Bennet, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wardwell, Miss Bertha Watrous, New Haven; Miss Mabel Laughlan Chaplin, Conn.

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Office of CITY FORESTER

Gloucester, Mass., June 26, 1920

Notice to Property Owners and
Summer CottagersProperty Owners and those occupying
cottages in and around the City are
earnestly requested to use the greatest
precaution in the prevention of brush
fires. Fire permits may be obtained
at the office of the City Forester,
City Hall, in compliance with the State
Law.HARLAND H. DANN,
City Forester.

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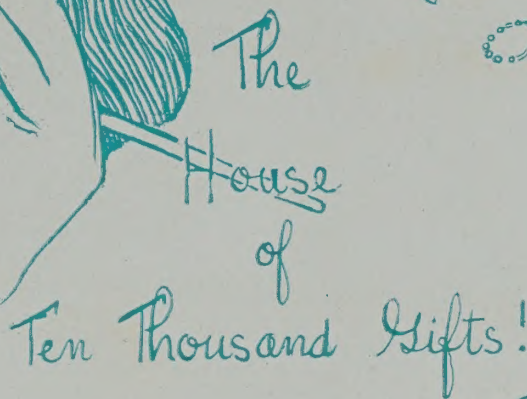
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